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THE WRECKER'S DAUGHTER

A DRAMA IN THREE ACTS

BY

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CHARACTERS.

CAPT. BILL BOWEN, *Wrecker and Smuggler.*
PHIL KING, *Lieutenant of the gunboat "McAdams."*
JIM DOUGLASS, *Landlord and Wrecker.*
NED HARWOOD, *a Detective in search of a lost child.*
PAT MURPHY, *an Emigrant from over the sea.*
ESSIE BOWEN, *the Captain's adopted Daughter—a waif from the sea.*
LUCY GRAY, *Bowen's maid of all work.*

Costumes modern. Time the present.

SCENE.—A fishing village on the coast of Maine.

ACT FIRST.—Douglass' Tavern. The spy.
ACT SECOND.—Bowen's home. Foiling the wreckers.
ACT THIRD.—Bowen's home. The end of all.

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COSTUMES.

CAPT. BOWEN.—A man of fifty; gray hair and beard; blue flannel shirt; black pants and coat; leather belt around waist; soft hat.

PHIL KING.—Young man of thirty; smooth face; shabby coat and pants; coat buttoned tightly to chin; underneath is a sailor's jacket of U. S. M.; stiff hat.

JIM DOUGLASS.—A man of forty; black coat and pants; flannel shirt; heavy black mustache; slouch hat.

NED HARWOOD.—A man of forty; neat gray suit; derby hat; smooth face.

PAT MURPHY.—A man of thirty; red wig and mustache; gray pants; black coat and vest; white shirt; stiff hat.

ESSIE BOWEN.—Fashionable walking dress; black hat, gloves, veil and parasol, for *Act First.* A plain house dress and white apron for *Acts Second and Third.*

LUCY GRAY.—A plain dress, with hat and parasol for *Act First* only.

THE WRECKER'S DAUGHTER.

ACT I.

Scene.—*A plain room ; doors* L. *and* R. ; *large door* C., *to open ; a bar from* R. 3 E. *to* R. 5 E. *Down* L. *is a table and chairs ; down* R. *is a table and chairs ; on* L. *side of door* C. *is a cannon of medium size mounted on a wooden carriage.* PHIL *is asleep at table* L. *as curtain rises.*

Jim (*coming from behind bar and shaking* PHIL). Come, come, young fellow, brace up now and get a move on you. What do you take this place for anyway? (*Shaking him.*) Brace up, I tell you!

Phil (*yawns and opens his eyes*). What is that you say? [*Looks around in surprise.*

Jim. I am telling you to brace up. This is no public lodging place. I rent rooms to those that want them, but I allow no sleeping in this room.

Phil (*in surprise*). Have I been asleep long?

Jim (*in amazement*). Asleep? Great Cæsar, all the guns on a man-o'-war couldn't wake you up. I've heard tell of the seven sleepers, but if you are not the eighth one, then I don't know who is. (*Quickly.*) Where did you come from anyhow?

Phil. From Dover. I lost my way, and seeing this house I came here and found it was a tavern, so I determined to rest myself awhile. The heat from walking in the sun and not being used to it made me drowsy and I was asleep before I knew it.

Jim (*stands beside table with hands in his pockets*). You say you come from Dover?

Phil (*nodding*). Yes.

Jim (*looking around*). When you left there did you see any sign of a revenue cutter called the "McAdams"? Or did you hear such a name mentioned? Were they expecting any strange boat?

Phil (*aside*). I must be on my guard. (*Aloud.*) Some strange boat did come in just before I left, the name of which I

did not stop to learn. But it must have been of great importance by the amount of excitement it created.

Jim. What sort of a looking boat was it?

Phil (*aside*). He takes a great interest in the boat. (*Aloud.*) Well, not being what you call a seaman, and never having anything to do with things pertaining to the water, you will have to excuse me from answering your question.

Jim (*quickly*). Then you are not a sailor?

Phil (*shaking his head*). No, siree, I'm not. The land is good enough for me.

Jim. But still you might have noticed something strange about the vessel.

Phil (*thoughtfully*). Well, yes, I did, now that I come to think of it.

Jim (*quickly*). What was it?

Phil. The steamer was a rakish sort of a craft, lying low in the water, and painted a dead black.

Jim (*aside*). I'll have to keep an eye on this man. Landsmen don't speak of boats in that manner. (*Aloud.*) And you say it was a steamer?

Phil (*nodding*). Yes.

Jim. How could you tell it was a steamer?

Phil. I distinctly remember seeing the smoke issuing from the smoke-stack.

Jim. Was there anything in particular that you took notice of?

Phil. Not that I know of. (*Quickly.*) Oh, yes, there were a number of guns on the deck.

Jim (*aside*). I was sure it was the "McAdams." (*Aloud.*) You did not learn what her mission was in coming here?

Phil. I heard one man say he guessed the boat had come to this place to hunt down the wreckers and smugglers of the coast. I don't know what he meant by such a remark, as I'm a stranger in this neighborhood.

Jim. You'll learn in time if you remain here long enough.

Phil (*aside*). And that's just what I'm going to do, my friend. (*Aloud.*) I hardly think I'll be able to travel much further to-day. So I might as well remain here for the night and enjoy a good rest.

Jim. You can remain here as long as you like, if you have no objections to the people you meet. They are not as refined as the city people you are in the habit of meeting, but you'll find they are as true as steel.

Phil. At that rate I remain until morning. (*Yawns.*) I feel pretty well played out. (*Looks around.*) But tell me what object have you in placing that cannon in such a position as that? [*Points to it.*

Jim. Merely a whim.

Phil. I don't understand.

Jim. That gun was brought from the deck of a ship that was wrecked on this coast many years ago. I thought at the time it might come in handy for something. At all events, it can be sold at any time for old iron.

Phil. Is it loaded ?

Jim. Strange as it may seem, it is. Pat—that is my hired man—cleaned it out the other day, and then loaded it.

Phil. And you are sure it's still loaded.

Jim. Yes, I was examining it this morning. It needs but the match and it will be discharged. But I am keeping you up, besides disturbing your nap. You can go to sleep again, seeing you are not going to leave us until morning. I am going for a stroll along the coast, and enjoy a quiet pipe. [**Exit,** *door* C.

Phil. I am on the right track at last. I was afraid he might tumble to the fact that I was not as simple as I seemed. I was afraid I had betrayed myself when I described the steamer to him, but he seemed not to have noticed it. I am in the lion's den, and must look sharp or my friends will never see me again. Still, I'd willingly risk all kinds of danger if I could but once more see pretty Essie Bowen. I wonder will I ever meet her again ?

ESSIE **enters** *from* C.

Essie (*she is veiled, and she quietly advances and touches him on the shoulder*). Young man, let me give you fair warning. You are doing a very foolish thing in coming here.

Phil (*in amazement*). What do you mean, young woman ? (*Aside.*) I'd like to see her face.

Essie (*slowly*). I mean that you are a spy !

Phil (*jumping up*). A spy ?

Essie (*quietly*). Yes, a spy. You are Lieutenant Phil King, of the gunboat "McAdams."

Phil (*aside*). She knows me, at all events. I'll have to try and get out of it the best way I can. (*Aloud.*) You are mistaken, young woman ; I am not the gentleman you just named.

Essie. I am not mistaken, sir. You are Phil King. I was in Dover when I saw you put off from the steamer in a small boat for the shore.

Phil (*aside*). I wish she'd remove that veil. (*Aloud.*) But I was too far away from the town for any one to see me.

Essie (*laughing*). Ah, you acknowledge it then.

Phil (*excitedly*). Betrayed, and by myself !

Essie. You see I was right.

Phil. Where were you all this time ?

Essie. On the shore.

Phil. But I was too far away from the town for any one to see me.

Essie (*quietly*). And yet I saw you.

Phil. Impossible ! How could you do such a thing ?

Essie. With the aid of a powerful glass.

Phil. Then you were expecting me ? (*Aside.*) I'm not half as smart as I thought I was.

Essie. Not exactly you. I didn't for a moment think it would be you who would come.

Phil (*in surprise*). I have never met you before.

Essie. Yes, you have. And I have also seen you before.

Phil. You have ? And where ?

Essie. The most times I have seen you was in looking at your picture.

Phil (*in amazement*). My picture ? Young lady, you surprise me.

Essie (*quietly*). Do I ?

Phil. Indeed you do. Where did you ever see a picture of me ? Or who ever showed you one ?

Essie. It was shown to me by your sister Alice, in the convent where we both went to school.

Phil (*in amazement*). Then you don't mean to say you are Essie Bowen ?

Essie (*removing veil*). I am the same.

[*Both shake hands heartily.*

Phil. I must say I am glad to meet you again, Miss Bowen. But still you haven't told me why you were in Dover spying on me ?

Essie (*slowly*). I was sent there by my father !

Phil (*in amazement*). My God, you don't mean to say that your father is the leader of the coast-wreckers and smugglers ?

Essie (*sadly*). I am sorry to say he is. I know the government looks upon him as a criminal, but to me he is the best and kindest of parents.

Phil (*aside*). What a shame for such a beautiful creature. (*Aloud.*) And now that you know who I am, what are you going to do ?

Essie. Try and save my father. (*Aside.*) And you also, if I possibly can.

Phil. You are going to try and save your father at my expense, no doubt.

Essie (*quietly*). And why should I not ? You are nothing to me but a stranger.

Phil (*fervently*). I wish to Heaven I was more to you than a stranger, Miss Bowen ! Say, for instance, a near and dear friend.

Essie (*aside*). How noble he looks! (*Aloud.*) Mr. King, you forget yourself.

Phil (*humbly*). I humbly beg your pardon, Miss Bowen. But then you know Jack is always blunt in whatever he says.

Essie (*coldly*). Yes, sometimes he is too blunt. (*Walks towards door* C.) I must be leaving you now, Mr. King.

Phil (*in surprise*). Where are you going now, Miss Bowen, if I may be so bold as to ask?

Essie. Home to my father, sir, and warn him to look out for government spies. [**Exit** C.

Phil (*looking after her, and then to audience*). Beautiful beyond a dream! A man with such a woman for a wife should be supremely happy. (*Rising.*) I'll follow her and see where she lives. I must try and cultivate her acquaintance now that I have found her. I wonder what would my sister say if she knew that my heart was lost to this beautiful girl? Well, it's gone, and I'm not sorry for the loss. [**Exit** C.

PAT **enters** *from* L.

Pat (*looking around*). The place is empty, an' fer wonder. (*Goes behind bar.*) Oh, why am I so unlucky? (*Drinks glass of whisky which he has poured out.*) I wish to Heaven I was born rich instead of an Irishman, an' thin I could marry the girl av me heart. The world is a queer thing entirely. (*Leans on bar.*) Still, if the girl I love would only show some signs av affection fer me, I'd be satisfied. (*Sighs.*) Oh, wirra, wirra, but I'm dyin' fer the want av some wan to love me. If I thought that me passion was returned, I'd be the happiest man under the sun.

LUCY **enters** *from* C.

Lucy. Hello, Pat, what's the matter? Sick? [*Laughs.*

Pat (*aside*). There is the star of me whole life. (*Aloud.*) Ye know I'm sick, Lucy, darlin', from want av bein' loved.

Lucy. Is it as bad as that, Pat?

Pat. Faith an' it is, an' worse than that. (*Looks around.*) But whisper, darlin'.

Lucy. Well, Pat?

Pat (*in a whisper*). Would ye marry me if I had a large sum av money?

Lucy (*aside*). Now to tease him. (*Aloud.*) Oh, I don't know.

Pat (*aside*). That's just the way it's always. (*Aloud.*) Will ye iver give me a dacent answer?

Lucy. Perhaps I might give a man an answer.

Pat (*aside*). A man? She must think I'm a child, begorrah. (*Aloud.*) Shure ye might as well give me an answer.

Lucy. I said I might give a man one.

Pat. Ye might give a man wan ?

Lucy (*nodding*). Yes.

Pat. Then what in the name of Heaven do ye call me ?

Lucy (*laughing*). Oh, you're only an Irishman.

Pat. Let me tell ye, me girl, that the Irish are the finest race av men on earth.

Lucy (*quietly*). No doubt, when they are on the police force. Of course, some of them are men and gentlemen at that. But then, Pat, you don't come from that part of Ireland.

Pat. Holy mackerel, will ye listen to that ! By jingo, girl, let me tell ye that me ancestors were kings and queens av Ireland ! An' what's more, they were gentlemen at that.

Lucy. Indeed ! And are you a sample of one of the kings you descended from ?

Pat (*aside*). I'll be crazy in a minute, (*Aloud.*) Girl, will ye iver keep still ? In the name av Heaven keep quiet fer a moment while I tell ye how much I love ye.

Lucy (*in surprise*). Love me, Pat ? Why, you don't know the meaning of the word love.

Pat. I may not know the meaning av the word, but by St. Patrick I know the feeling av it all the same.

Lucy. I don't think I could ever learn to love you, Pat.

Pat. An' why not ?

Lucy. Well, in the first place, the man I love must be a sailor. He must be a rover of the deep. Of course, I know you don't like the water.

Pat (*aside*). I does love the sea, I don't think. (*Aloud.*) If ye promise to love me, I'll go to sea in a minute. I know it will nearly kill me, but I'll do it for your sake.

Lucy. Very well, then, I'll marry you when you become an able seaman. You must also try and use expressions used by all sailors.

Pat. Hoistin' derricks ! but I'll be a second Kidd !

Lucy (*aside*). I'll have to get out of here or die of suppressed laughter. (*Aloud.*) Very well, then, when you are a man of the sea, you can come and claim me as your bride.

Pat. Rip me trousers, but I'll commence this very minute. I'll go out with the boys this very day. I know it will almost kill me, but dash my sky-scrapers, I'll do it for your sake. How do ye think I'm progressin' ?

Lucy (*aside*). I'll die, I know I shall. (*Aloud.*) Splendidly. You'll be a sailor in no time. I'm sure I wish you all the luck in the world, Pat. [**Exit** C.

Pat. An' sink the rudder but so do I. (*Thoughtfully.*) Sink the rudder ! What the devil part av the ship is that ? She said for me to use them, an' I'm goin' to whether they are

right or wrong. Bust me suspenders, but whin I get through learnin' to be a sailor I'll be a fit subject fer an undertaker. (*He gives his pants a tug, sailor fashion.*) But I'll do it for the girl av me heart.

JIM **enters** *from* C.

Jim (*looking around*). Any signs of strangers being around here, Pat? [*Sits* L. *of table.*

Pat. Shiver me fetlock, sur, but I haven't clapped me peers on any stranger to-day.

Jim (*looks at him in amazement*). What's the matter with you, Pat? Are you going crazy?

Pat. No, sir, I'm not. But I'd like to ask a favor av ye, Misther Douglass.

Jim. Well, Pat?

Pat. I want to be off fer the afternoon.

Jim. And why do you want leave of absence for this afternoon, Pat?

Pat. Because I want to go out with the men an' learn to be an old sea-dog like the rest av thim.

Jim (*in surprise*). A sailor, Pat? Why, you know the sight of the sea makes you as sick as a dog, and to go sailing on it will simply kill you.

Pat. Thrue fer ye, sur. But Lucy promised to marry me on the day I am a full-fledged sailor, an' grape-shot an' fried eyes but I mean to win.

Jim (*aside*). Heavens, what expressions! (*Aloud.*) Pat, that girl will be the death of you yet. Still you may go, if it will help you any.

Pat (*nodding*). Thank you, sur. I'll soon be a sailor fer yer life. [**Exit** L. *with a swagger.*

Jim (*solus*). I wonder what became of the stranger who was here a while ago. I suppose he has recovered sufficiently to go for a stroll along the coast. Somehow or other I don't seem to like the looks of him. He might not be a spy after all. Still, it won't do any harm to keep an eye on him.

BILL **enters** *from* C.

Bill (*crosses to* JIM *and sits* R. *of table*). Any sign of the spy from the "McAdams" yet, Jim?

Jim. Not yet. I think we must have been mistaken, the both of us.

Bill. I hope so. Still, the information I received can be relied upon. (*Looks around.*) Has any stranger come to this place to-day?

Jim. Yes, one.

Bill. What did he look like?

Jim. Oh, he was a young fellow of thirty or so. Looked very much like a tramp. Said he had travelled a long way and would stay here for the night.

Bill. Where is he now?

Jim. Somewhere about the house.

Bill. Perhaps he is the spy after all in disguise.

Jim. I hardly think so. Still, the best thing we can do is to keep a strict watch on him while he's here.

Bill. That's about all we can do. In case he is the spy we are expecting, he must never leave this place alive!

Jim. On his death depends our safety.

Bill. You're right there, Jim.

Jim. Have you ordered the boys out for to-night? It's going to be dark and stormy, and who knows but some ship might run afoul of the rocks on the coast, and be dashed to pieces.

Bill. I don't know what to do, Jim. Since my daughter has grown up, I have wanted more than once to quit the life I've been leading for her sake. I don't want to have her hold down her head in shame for the sins of her father.

Jim. But she is not your daughter, Bill. So what need you care?

Bill. But I do care, Jim. I am the only father she has ever known. I don't want to bring a blush to her pretty cheek.

Jim. Then you have never told her you are not her real father?

Bill. Of what good would that be? No one knows who her parents were. So what good would it be in revealing to her the fact that she is not my child, simply a waif from the sea?

Jim. You take a great interest in her, Bill.

Bill. And why shouldn't I? I have tried to make a lady out of her, by giving her a good education, and allowing her all the advantages shared by girls of wealthy parents.

Jim. And do you think that she has never suspected the truth of you not being her father?

Bill. Never! And God knows it would kill me if she was to leave me now!

Jim. Strange how we were never able to learn who and what her parents were. You still have the clothes she wore, the night you took her from the arms of the dead woman?

Bill. I have. And sometimes I think that Essie was the child of rich parents. Strange how no one ever made any inquiry about her. I have often thought that her parents were on the doomed ship, and that both perished that night in the sea. I took the little waif home with me and raised her as my own child. She was too young at the time to know any different.

And now that I have made money enough I am going to quit the business for the sake of Essie.

Jim. Then you won't go out to-night ?

Bill. If I do it will be for the last time.

Jim. And why for the last time ?

Bill. Because Essie is old enough to know right from wrong.

Jim. That's true enough. Still, if some relation of the girl's was to discover her and claim her, what would you do ?

Bill. Let her choose between us. I would not place any obstacle in her way. If she went with her friends, well and good. If she chose to cast her lot with me I would try and make her as happy as I possibly could. (*Fervently.*) Still, I hope such a thing will never happen.

Jim. And so do I.

Bill (*looking around*). Hush ! here comes a stranger.

[NED *enters from* C.

Ned (*coming down to table*). Good-day, gentlemen !

Jim (*gruffly*). Good-day, sir. [BILL *simply nods.*

Ned. Which of you two gentlemen happens to be Captain Bill Bowen ?

Bill (*quietly*). That's my name, stranger. What can I do for you ?

Ned. Perhaps a great deal, and perhaps nothing. It all depends on you, sir.

Bill. You speak strangely, sir.

Ned (*looks at* JIM *and then at* BILL). Can this gentleman be depended upon to keep silent ?

Bill (*nodding*). He can.

Jim (*rising*). Perhaps I'd better leave you two alone for a while. Two is company you know and three is not. I'll be within call, Bill, if you should want me for anything. [**Exit** L.

Bill (*nods*). All right, Jim.

Ned (*sits down*). Now, then, to business.

Bill. I'm all attention, sir.

Ned. Something like eighteen years ago a vessel called the "Starlight" was wrecked on this coast, and all on board perished. It was said at the time that the ship was lured to its doom by means of false lights placed on the shore.

Bill. It's a lie ! There were no wreckers on the coast at the time of the accident. The rudder of the boat was disabled and the ship could not be controlled. Being in such a condition it was an easy thing for the wind and waves to drive the vessel on the rocks where she finally went to pieces.

Ned. And did all of them perish ?

Bill. All but one.

Ned (*quietly*). Then I am on the right track at last.

Bill (*in surprise*). Right track at last? What do you mean, sir? (*Savagely.*) Are you a spy?

Ned (*in surprise*). A spy? No.

Bill. Then what are you?

Ned. I am a detective.

Bill (*in amazement*). A detective? Then die, you cursed spy! [*Draws revolver from his pocket and covers him with it.*

Ned (*quietly*). Hold on, old man. Don't be in such a hurry. I'm no government detective. Simply a private one. What crimes you have committed have got nothing to do with me. (BILL *returns revolver to his pocket.*) I am looking for information concerning one who has been supposed to be dead for years. The one I have reference to was on the ship at the time it was wrecked.

Bill. Pardon me, sir, for being so hasty with my gun. But the fact is we look upon all strangers as spies, and upon detectives in particular as our mortal enemies. But I am interrupting you. Continue with your story.

Ned. On board of the boat at the time of the wreck was the owner of the vessel, his wife and infant child. The parents were both drowned, but the child was saved.

Bill. How do you know the child was saved?

Ned. That is easily answered. An old man, who had formerly lived here, died the other day in an hospital in New York. Before he breathed his last he asked to see a lawyer. I happened to be in the lawyer's office when the nurse from the hospital came for him. I accompanied the lawyer to the bedside of the dying man, and judge of my amazement when I heard the sailor tell how the child had been saved and reared as your own; for I have been on the track of this child for ten years. It's to find out the truth of this story I am here to-day.

Bill. The man told you nothing but the truth. (*Quickly.*) But who sent you here?

Ned. Her uncle. The child is the heiress of a large estate. If you have any proof, the girl can claim the fortune that rightfully belongs to her.

Bill. I have the necessary amount of proof. I am glad the girl is going to turn out to be somebody after all.

Ned. And where have you the proof you speak of?

Bill. At my home. If you will call there this evening, I will show it to you.

Ned (*rising*). Very well, I'll be there without fail. [**Exit** C.

Bill (*thoughtfully*). So, after all, Essie is going to become a great lady, instead of the simple little waif of the sea. Well, I'll be sorry to lose her, but I suppose it's all for the best. She

can't say that I haven't been a good father to her and treated her the same as if she was my own child.

PAT **enters** *from* C.

Pat (*he is very white and staggers*). Oh, bust me shoes but I'm a sick man! (*He falls into a chair* R. *of table.*) Oh, me stomach! [*Groans.*

Bill (*looks at him in surprise*). What's the matter, Pat? Are you sick? [*Laughs.*

Pat. Sick? (*Groans.*) Shure, I'm dyin' by inches.

Bill. Oh, brace up and be a man.

Pat. I can't, sir. (*Groans and holds his hands over his stomach.*) I'll never be a man again. I'll be an angel before long though. [*Groans.*

Bill. You'll be all right before long. Eat a piece of nice fat pork, and you'll feel much better.

Pat. Sufferin' Heaven! fat pork! Oh!

[*Gulps and places hand over mouth.*

JIM **enters** *from* L.

Jim. What ails the Irishman, Bill?

Bill. Too much of the sea, I guess. I'm just advising him to try and eat some pork, but he says he'd rather not.

Pat (*groaning*). Oh, Lord, I'm dyin', I know I am.

Jim (*slapping him on the back*). Brace up and be a man, can't you?

Pat. Oh! [*Groans loudly.*

PHIL **enters** *from* C.

Phil (*he is smoking a cigar*). What's the matter with him?

Jim. Sea-sick. [BILL *is closely watching* PHIL.

Phil. This will help him.

[*Hands* JIM *a small whisky-flask. In so doing his coat opens, revealing a sailor's jacket beneath.*

Bill (*jumping up and drawing revolver*). The man is a spy from the "McAdams"! Kill him, Jim!

Phil. Stand back, gentlemen! (*Runs to cannon and holds lighted end of cigar over the breech.*) Don't advance a step or I'll fire the gun.

[BILL *and* JIM *stand* L. *and* R. *of table, watching him.* PAT *has fallen to the floor, where he lies groaning.*

SLOW CURTAIN.

ACT II.

Scene.—*A plain room; doors* R., L. *and* L. C. *Window* R. C. *to open; between the door and window in flat is a cupboard with dishes on the shelves; down* L. *is a table with two chairs; on the table is a lighted lamp and the remains of a supper; down* R. *is a fireplace with fire; before it is a rocking-chair; beneath window is a small table; lights full up as curtain rises.* CAPT. BOWEN *is seated at table lighting pipe, while* ESSIE *is seated before fire in rocking-chair.*

Bill. Clear up the dishes, Essie, and have things in their proper place, for I expect a visitor to-night.

Essie (*rising*). A visitor, father?

Bill. Yes, child.

Essie. Who is it, father?

[*She removes dishes and places them in cupboard, after which she resumes her seat.*

Bill. A stranger I met down at Jim's place this afternoon.

Essie (*aside*). A stranger? Can it be Mr. King?

Bill. He promised to come here to-night as he has some important business to transact with me.

Essie. Perhaps he may be a government spy?

Bill. Don't let such a thought worry your brain, child. I'll stake my life on the man being all right. We did run against a spy this afternoon, but he held us at bay with an empty cannon we thought loaded, and then escaped.

Essie (*aside*). Thank God, he escaped!

Bill. But why are you so afraid of all strangers being government spies in disguise?

Essie. Because I am so afraid of your being arrested and put in prison. What would then become of me? (*She crosses to him and kneels by his knees.*) You know I have no one in all the world to turn to but you.

Bill (*stroking her hair*). Would you then care, child, if anything was to happen to me?

Essie (*sadly*). Oh, father, you know I would.

Bill. But, suppose I was to tell you, Essie—remember I say suppose—that you were not my child; that you were the daughter of wealthy people—would you care much?

Essie (*in amazement*). Why, father, how strange you talk. Are you ill?

Bill (*sadly*). Yes, child, I am. I am sick at the thought of losing you, the only bright spot in my whole life.

Essie (*in amazement*). Why, father, what do you mean?

Bill (*slowly*). Essie, you are not my daughter!

Essie (*slowly*). Not your daughter? (*Wildly.*) Then who am I?

Bill (*shaking his head*). That is more than I can tell. But I hope to be able to find out before long. You are the only survivor of a wreck that occurred on this coast many years ago. I brought you up as my own child and gave you all the advantages of a good education.

Essie (*kissing him affectionately*). And I love you just as much as if you were my own father. And what's more, I mean never to leave you.

Bill (*gratefully*). Thank you, child, but I fear it's impossible. (*Sadly.*) Your uncle has sent a detective in search of you, and, when found, you are to go to him. You are the heiress of a great estate, as well as entitled to a good and honorable name.

Essie (*quietly*). And where are my parents, sir?

Bill (*sadly*). They are both dead, Essie. They were drowned the night the ship was dashed to pieces on the rocks. Your father was the owner of the vessel.

Essie (*quietly*). And this strange man who is coming here to-night has something to do with all this?

Bill (*nodding*). He has. Your uncle has hired him to find some clue to your whereabouts, if he possibly could.

Essie. And he has succeeded in finding me?

Bill. I am sorry to say that he has.

Essie. Then don't see him again. (*Throwing her arms around his neck.*) I don't want to leave you! You have been the best of parents to me.

Bill. Thank you, child, but I fear we will have to part.

Essie (*wildly*). Never, sir. Unless you drive me away yourself, all the wealth of the world can never separate us, not even if my own father was alive and asked me to do it. (*Rising and kissing him.*) I love you too much to ever leave you now. [**Exit** R.

Bill (*looks after her and then to audience*). Noble girl! Well might any father be proud of such a daughter! Come what will, I will never place any obstacle in her way of choosing between her uncle and myself. (*Sadly.*) And, though God knows it will almost break my heart to let her go, I will do so if she wishes it. (*A knock is heard at* L. C.) Come in.

NED **enters** *from* L. C.

Ned (*nods and comes down to table*). Good-evening, sir.
[*Removes hat and coat, and then sits down at table.*

Bill (*nodding*). Good-evening, sir. I see you are prompt.

Ned. I might have been here sooner, but it's such a terrible night out. (*A peal of thunder is faintly heard.*) I pity the vessel out at sea to-night.

Bill. You may well say so. A light falsely placed on the shore to-night would wreck the best ship afloat. (*A loud peal of thunder is heard.*) And yet it was on such a night as this that the "Starlight" was wrecked.

Ned. I hope no such fate will happen to any vessel to-night.

Bill. Who can tell? [*A flash of lightning is seen, followed by a loud clap of thunder.*

Ned. I hope the rain will keep off until I can get back to where I am staying.

Bill. Have no fear, stranger, we won't have rain for some time yet; so don't let that worry you.

Ned. You may be right, but the sooner we get to business, and the sooner we get through with it, the better I'll like it.

Bill. Very good, sir. [*Thunder and lightning.*

Ned. Now, sir, what reward do you want for the information you are going to give concerning the girl?

Bill (*in surprise*). Reward?

Ned (*nodding*). Exactly.

Bill. I want no reward, sir. What information I give, I give willingly and for the sake of my adopted daughter. I want no reward for but doing my duty.

Ned. Allow me to grasp your hand, sir. (*Shakes hands with* BILL.) You are an honest man, Mr. Bowen.

Bill (*quietly*). No, sir, I am sorry to say I am not an honest man. But where my child is concerned I am going to try and do all in my power to help her.

Ned (*aside*). Mighty candid at all events. (*Aloud.*) Then the sooner we get down to business the better. [*Thunder only.*

Bill. That suits me. I wish to get it off my hands as soon as possible.

Ned. On the child's neck at the time the ship was wrecked was a gold chain and locket. In the locket were the pictures of the infant's parents. Am I right?

Bill. So far, yes.

Ned. On the clothes worn by the child was the name "Essie," worked into the cloth in red silk. Again am I right?

Bill (*nodding*). I am sorry to say you are.

Ned (*in surprise*). Why sorry?

Bill. Because my child is the one you are in search of.

Ned. I am glad to hear that. Still, there may be some mistake yet. I haven't examined the proof yet.

Bill (*rising*). You can do so in a minute. (*Goes to cupboard and returns to table with small bundle, which he opens.*) These are the garments worn by the child. Here is the chain and

locket. (NED *takes chain and opens locket. He then hands it back to* BILL.) Are you satisfied now?

[*He returns bundle to cupboard again and comes down to table.*

Ned (*rising*). I am more than satisfied. I will be around in the morning and have a talk with the young lady herself.

Bill. Very well, sir. [*Thunder and lightning.*

Ned. I'd be much obliged if you'd accompany me part of the way in the dark. [*Puts hat on.*

Bill. Certainly, sir. (*Places hat on.*) Come on, sir.

[**Exeunt** L. C.

ESSIE **enters** *from* R.

Essie (*sits at table*). Only to think that this kindly old man is not my father after all is enough to make me sad indeed. (*Passionately.*) But I love him just as dearly as if he was, and will always continue to do so. And how am I going to show my gratitude to him for all the favors he has bestowed on me? By leaving him to die alone in his old age, of a broken heart? All the wealth of the world placed at my feet could not force me to leave him. (*The face of* PHIL *appears at window*, R. C.) I love him too much.

PHIL **enters** *cautiously from* L. C.

Phil (*looks around room and then advances to table*). Do I intrude here, Miss Bowen?

Essie (*at sound of his voice she turns in surprise*). You here, Phil? (*In confusion.*) I mean, Mr. King.

Phil. As you see. By the way, you may call me Phil. It's my name and I'm not ashamed of it.

[*Crosses to fireplace and stands with back to fire.*

Essie. You do a very foolish thing in coming here to-night after what happened this afternoon.

Phil. But no one knows I am here to-night but you. I waited outside until I saw your father and the stranger start off down the road. I then determined to pay you a friendly visit.

Essie. But, Mr. King, look at the danger you run. If it was ever found out you were here, no power on earth could save you. You would be killed, and your body would never be found.

Phil. Would you then care if I was to be dispatched in such a terrible hurry?

Essie. You know I would. (*Quickly.*) That is, for the sake of your mother and sister.

Phil (*aside*). She betrayed herself that time. (*Aloud.*) And for no other reason than that of my mother and sister?

Essie (*aside*). I wonder did he notice my confusion? (*Aloud.*) What do you mean, Mr. King?

Phil (*quietly*). Nothing just now. At some future time I will tell you everything.

Essie. You speak very strangely, sir. What do you mean?

Phil. You want me to make my meaning clear to you? Very well, I will do so. Miss Bowen, you will pardon me when I say I love you.

Essie (*aside*). Oh, my heart. (*Aloud.*) Sir!

[*Rising, stands* C.

Phil (*crossing to her*). True, we have met before, yet we are almost strangers to each other. But, Essie, I have loved you since the first time I met you. This may seem strange to you, still it's only the truth. For a time this afternoon I failed to recognize you, simply because you had grown more beautiful.

Essie (*holding down her head*). Oh, sir, you flatter me.

Phil (*sadly*). Then you don't care for me, Essie?

Essie (*quickly*). Oh, sir, you mistake me. I respect and honor you very much. But you know what my father is. It would never do for me to have my name linked with such an honorable one as yours.

Phil. Nonsense! I want you to remember what I have said to-night, and perhaps in time you will come to look upon me as more than a friend.

Essie (*sincerely*). I sincerely trust I shall.

[*A noise is heard outside of door.*

Phil. What is that? [*Both listen; a knock is heard at door* L. C.

Essie (*in a whisper*). Some one is at the door. Oh, what shall I do? It would never do for you to be found here. Come with me and I will hide you. Lucy can attend to the door.

[*The knock is repeated as both* **exeunt** R.

PAT **enters** *from* L. C.

Pat (*entering and looking around*). Shure a man could stand out all night here knocking an' no wan would pay the slightest attention to him. (*Stands before fire warming himself.*) Murther, but it's a wild night out. (*Looks around again.*) Shure the room is empty enough now, but I'd a swore I heard some wan whisperin' in here while I was standin' outside the dure. (*Looks around.*) I wonder where Lucy is? Begorra, there's going to be no more sailin' for me, an' that's flat. (*Shaking his head.*) Woman or no woman, I'll keep off the water. Shure I never did like water nohow, an' now I hate it worse than ever.

LUCY **enters** *from* R.

Lucy (*in surprise*). Oh, you're here, are you?

[*She crosses and leans on the back of rocking-chair facing him.*

Pat (*nodding*). Shure I am. (*Looking over himself.*) That is, what's left av me.

Lucy (*scornfully*). You are a nice sailor, you are. Aren't you ashamed of yourself? The idea of a strong man like you getting sick at the sight of a little water.

Pat. That's just it, me girl, there was just a little too much water to suit me, or rather me stomach.

Lucy (*sternly*). Pat Murphy, when I marry, I am going to marry a man and not a milksop.

Pat (*aside*). I wonder does she mean that, or is it only a bluff she's throwin' at me? (*Aloud.*) Well, 'pon me wurd, it's much better to marry a milksop than an Irish corpse.

Lucy (*in surprise*). What do you mean, sir?

Pat. That another trip on the water for your sake, an' I'll be wearin' wings of white up yonder. [*Points to sky.*

Lucy (*with scorn*). I always thought the Irish had more courage than what you showed.

Pat. They have, acushla, but shure their courage don't run towards the water.

Lucy. I suppose not.

Pat (*warmly*). Faith an' I say yes. Shure my ambition is to be an alderman.

Lucy. Oh, you do, do you? (*Scornfully.*) Well, you'd make a nice looking alderman you would, I must say. A man who is afraid of the sight of water.

Pat. Did ye ever know the politician that was not only afraid of the sight of water, but also the taste of it?

Lucy (*aside*). He's telling the truth now and no mistake. (*Aloud.*) Nonsense!

Pat. It's a fact all the same. But leavin' all subjects aside, Lucy. I love the ground ye walk on—if it's not near the water.

Lucy (*decidedly*). Hereafter, Pat Murphy, you and I are total strangers to each other. Do you understand me, sir—total strangers?

Pat. Well, seein' I'm not deaf, of course I must naturally hear you. Of course seein' there's no welcome for me in this house I might as well be goin'. [*Walks towards door.*

Lucy (*in surprise*). Where are you going, Pat? [*Looks at him.*

Pat (*quietly*). Only down to Johnson's.

Lucy (*sternly*). Pat Murphy, what are you going to do down there?

Pat (*aside*). Now is me time. I have her just where I want her. (*Aloud.*) I am goin' down an' see pretty little Nellie, the ould man's youngest daughter. Shure she'd marry me in a minute if I asked her, whether I was a sailor or not.

Lucy. Oh, indeed ! No doubt you think she is a charming girl ? (*Aside.*) I'd like to scratch her eyes out.

Pat. You may well say that.

Lucy. But just the same, Pat, I think I'll go down there with you and see that you don't make a fool of yourself.

Pat. Thank you, but I think I can find the way meself.

Lucy. No doubt. But just the same I'm going with you. You wait here until I get my hat and cloak, and then we'll start for Johnson's. [**Exit** R.

Pat (*opening door*). Now is me time to get away. I'll give her the slip and make her as jealous as the devil.

[**Exit** L. C. *quickly.*

Lucy (*re-entering with hat and cloak on*). Here I am all ready. (*Looks around.*) Pat, where are you ? (*Quickly.*) He has gone. Well, I know the way as well as he does, and I'll follow him, and keep an eye on him and also Johnson's daughter. [**Exit** L. C. *in a hurry.*

ESSIE **enters** *from* R.

Essie (*looking around*). Strange what became of Mr. King ! I only left him in the other room for a minute, and when I returned he was gone. I sincerely hope he will keep out of danger. Oh, how I wish father would give up this life he is leading and move far away from here. If it wasn't for Jim Douglass he would have done so long ago. But then the man seems to be the evil star of my father's life. Oh, how I hate and mistrust that man ! (*Quickly.*) But this ain't finding Mr. King. [**Exit** L.

BILL **enters** *from* L. C.

Bill (*looking around*). No sign of Essie around. Well, I suppose the poor child is tired and has gone to rest. (*Sits at table.*) It's a bad night out, and I don't blame the stranger for wanting to reach his lodgings as soon as possible. It was on such a night as this that the "Starlight" was dashed to pieces on the rocks ! It seems as if it only happened last night. And yet Essie is now a full-grown woman. How time passes !

JIM **enters** *from* L. C.

Jim (*crosses and stands with back to fire*). It is a very bad night out, Bill, and just the kind when the ships miss their way in the storm and run afoul of the hidden rocks on the coast.

Bill (*nodding*). You may well say so, Jim.

Jim. The boys are down on the shore waiting for you to give the order before lighting the fires.

Bill (*quietly*). Jim, I have resolved to give up this life altogether.

Jim (*aside*). It will never do for me to let him escape from my clutch now. (*Aloud.*) But still you won't go back on the boys to-night will you? You'll go down and see them, Bill. You know they are not all so well fixed as you and I. And the smallest thing comes in handy to them.

Bill. Yes, I know. (*Slowly and hesitatingly.*) Still, I hate to do it. Since this afternoon, when I saw that infernal spy from the "McAdams," I feel what a terrible danger we are in. (*Sadly.*) If anything should happen to me what would become of my darling child, Essie?

Jim (*aside*). This will never do. (*Aloud.*) But nothing will happen, Bill. You are getting nervous, old man. That is all that ails you.

Bill. I'm not a bit nervous. I simply want to give up the life I am leading, and try if I possibly can and be somebody.

Jim (*aside*). I'll have to make another move. (*Aloud.*) Look here, Bill Bowen, you are not going to turn traitor are you?

Bill (*sternly*). Jim Douglass, if any other man but you dared to ask me such a question, I'd knock him down.

Jim (*aside*). That woke him up. (*Aloud.*) Then why are you so obstinate?

Bill. Because since my child has grown up I want to go far away from here, among strangers who know us not. I don't want every finger pointed at her with scorn as the daughter of Bill Bowen, the wrecker!

Jim. But it will be for the last time. After to-night, no other ship shall ever be wrecked on this coast by means of false lights. The boys are all going to lead different lives, I promise you.

Bill. Man, don't tempt me.

Jim (*in surprise*). Tempt! What if I were to go to the boys and tell them that the captain had grown cowardly of late, what do you think they'd say?

Bill (*jumping up*). I'd say it was a lie, Jim Douglass, and so would they! I am no coward, and you know it.

Jim. Then you will go?

Bill. Yes, I will go; but come what will, it will be for the last time. After to-night I am going to lead a better life for the rest of my days.

Jim. Good! You will find the boys waiting for you on the "Devil's Rock," with the fires all ready to light.

Bill (*placing hat on*). Very well. But remember it's for the last time, Jim Douglass!

Jim. Very well, it's for the last time.

Bill. Are you coming with me?

Jim. I'll be with you in a minute.

Bill. All right, you know where to find me. [**Exit** L. C.

Jim (*savagely*). Yes, Bill Bowen, it will be for the last time. Once those fires are lighted, and the sailors arrive from the "McAdams," and you and the rest of them will be prisoners in the hands of the government. Who can say it was Jim Douglass that betrayed them? No one. Once Bill is captured and my way is clear to win Essie and her fortune. Once I have the money, and who can say aught against the character of Jim Douglass, the wrecker?

ESSIE **enters** *from* R.

Essie (*seeing* JIM; *in surprise*). You here, Mr. Douglass?

Jim (*bowing*). As you see, Essie.

Essie (*looking around*). Where is my father? (*Aside.*) I don't like to be here alone with this man! (*Aloud.*) Is there anything I can do for you? (*Aside.*) I do wish my father or Phil was here.

Jim. No, there is not. But there is something I wish to say to you. (*Looks around.*) Now that we are alone I can tell it to you without being interrupted. To-night is perhaps the only chance I'll ever have to speak.

Essie (*aside*). I wonder what he means? (*Aloud.*) Very well, sir, speak up.

Jim. Essie, I am not an old man, although I have known you for a long time. I have watched you day by day grow from a girl into a very beautiful woman. And, in that time I have grown to love you very dearly. And, Essie, I want you to be my wife.

Essie (*in amazement*). Your wife, sir? Impossible!

Jim (*in surprise*). Impossible! And why? (*Quickly.*) Ah, I see. You then love another?

Essie (*coldly*). You have no right to ask me such a question.

Jim. But it's true, nevertheless. But let me tell you this much, Essie Bowen, you will never marry any man but me. I have sworn it and I will keep my vow.

Essie (*indignantly*). Would you dare to insult me, sir? I will call my father, and he will settle with you for his insulting language.

Jim (*sneering*). Your father! And what is your father? A wrecker, and a man with a rope around his neck.

Essie. At all events, he is a gentleman who never insulted a defenseless woman, and that is more than you are, Jim Douglass!

Jim (*aside*). Heavens! how grand. (*Aloud.*) Listen to me, Essie. Be my wife, and I will give you wealth, jewels, a fine home, and all the pleasures of this life that wealth can buy.

Essie (*firmly*). Never! I wouldn't wed you if you were the last man on earth. And now you have my final answer!

Jim. Do you really mean it ?

Essie. I do.

Jim. So be it. I know you dearly love the man you call your father. (*Savagely.*) And, by God ! through him I will yet reach your heart !

Essie (*in alarm*). What do you mean ?

Jim. Never mind now. You'll see in time. And then you will be glad to come and beg of me to try and save his life.

Essie (*in amazement*). Do you mean that you would betray him ?

Jim. Yes, if by so doing I could win your love. You can now see the depth of my love for you.

Essie (*scornfully*). And do you think I could ever learn to love the man who would betray my father ? Jim Douglass, you are nothing but a coward. And when my father returns I will tell him all.

Jim. You will never do that. He will hardly return to this house for some time, if ever. He is now with the wreckers on the coast, lighting the fires so as to decoy the first ship that happens to see the false light to its doom on the rocks of the " Devil's Gap."

Essie. I will send for him.

Jim. Listen to me a moment. Give me the promise I ask, and I will save him yet. I will go to him and drag him away from his companions, so that he will escape. What is your answer ?

Essie. Never, sir.

Jim. Remember on it depends your father's safety.

Essie. I do not believe you. I will go to my father and warn him against you.

Jim (*going to window and looking out*). It is too late ! (*Points out.*) See ! The fire is already lighted on the shore ! (*Lightning.*) And, yes, there are the lights of a vessel, and she is driving straight for the shore. She will be dashed to pieces on the rocks, with all on board !

Essie. I will save the boat and my father from committing a crime as well. (*Looks out.*) She is still a long distance from the rocks and can be saved.

Jim (*in amazement*). You save the boat ? Simply impossible, my dear. (*Returns to fire.*) No power on earth can save the boat !

Essie (*still looking out window*). I say it can. A lamp placed in this window, if seen by those on board, will guide the vessel safely through the hidden reefs.

Jim (*in surprise*). And do you mean to say you would do such a thing ?

Essie. It's to save my father and all on board.

[*She goes to table and takes up lamp.*

Jim (*savagely*). Girl, you shall not! [*Crosses to her.*

Essie (*determinedly*). And I say I shall!

[*Goes to the window with lamp.*

Jim (*following her*). Never!

Essie (*placing lamp on table*). Indeed! And who is going to prevent me, Jim Douglass?

Jim (*savagely*). I will! [*He tries to take hold of the lamp.*

PHIL **enters** *from* L.

Phil (*quietly*). I guess not, old man. (*Points revolver at him.*) Move a step, James, and I'll send a chunk of lead through your body! Essie, keep the lamp in the window!

Essie (*looking out*). The ship is safe! (*Lightning.*) The light from the lamp has been seen! (*Stands looking out of the window.*) Father, you are saved!

[PHIL *keeps the revolver pointed at* JIM, *who stands with a look of hatred on his face watching him.*

SLOW CURTAIN.

ACT III.

Scene.—*Same as Act II.;* BILL *and* NED *seated at table as curtain rises.*

Bill. Then you are satisfied that my adopted daughter Essie is the missing heiress you are in search of? Might there not be some mistake? You know such things have occurred before.

Ned. I know. But there is no mistake this time. I only wish there was for your sake.

Bill. You are positive?

Ned (*bowing*). I am.

Bill. Then at that rate I suppose I will have to give her up? (*Sadly.*) It's hard, after raising her from an infant, to have to let her go when grown to womanhood!

Ned (*cheerfully*). Oh, I don't think it's as bad as all that. It's not necessary that she should leave you. I have written to her uncle and explained the matter to him. And the answer he sent back was, that as the girl was of age, she could go with whichever one she wished. So there you are. If the young lady wishes to remain with you, there is nothing to prevent her from doing so.

Bill. But by remaining with me would she be in any way

deprived of the fortune that rightfully belongs to her? Upon your answer depends her future.

Ned. Not at all. What belongs to her belongs to her only, and no one else can claim it.

Bill. I am glad to hear you say that. (*Quickly.*) Not that I want any of her money. But I don't want to place any obstacle in her way in obtaining it.

Ned. Mr. Brown, you speak like an honest man. Please call the young woman and we'll lay the case before her. If she chooses to remain with you, then my work is done and I will depart. I don't think I can get away from this locality any too soon.

Bill. Very well, sir. I'll call her, and she can make her own selection between her uncle and myself. (*Calls.*) Essie!

ESSIE **enters** *from* R.

Essie. Well, father?

Bill (*points to chair*). Sit down, child. (*Points to* NED.) This man has something to say to you.

Essie (*bowing and sitting down*). Very well, sir. I'm all attention.

Bill (*to* NED). Go ahead, stranger, and tell her the whole thing. The sooner we get the matter off of our hands the better.

Ned. I'll be through in a minute, Mr. Brown. (*To* ESSIE.) Now, young lady, you pay strict attention to me. And at the end of it you can decide for yourself.

Essie (*bowing*). Very well, sir.

Ned. Years ago, a ship was wrecked on this coast and every one on board perished but an infant. It is unnecessary for me to tell you that you are the infant. For years your uncle had supposed that you as well as your parents had perished on the ill-fated vessel. But lately an old sailor died, who lived here at the time of the wreck, and before dying he revealed the fact that a child had been saved. In this way he first heard that you were alive. I was engaged by the gentleman to hunt you up and place in your hands the property that rightfully belongs to you. I am satisfied beyond a doubt that you are the child! And it now rests solely with you whether you will go to your uncle or remain here with your adopted father.

Essie (*quietly*). And you are waiting for my answer?

Ned (*bowing*). I am. As soon as I receive your answer I will leave this place forever.

Essie (*rising*). Then here is your answer, sir. (*Crosses and kneels beside* BILL'S *chair.*) I will remain with the only father I have ever known!

Ned. This is your final answer, then?

Essie (*firmly*). Yes. I will never leave him.

Ned (*rising*). Very well. My work is done. A lawyer will be down here some time this week to settle all the details of the property. I now bid you a very good morning.

[*Bows and* **exit** L. C.

Bill (*looking after him*). Good-morning, sir.

Essie (*quietly*). I'm glad he's gone, father!

Bill (*stroking her hair*). Essie, have you carefully considered what you are doing? You are leaving your old uncle to remain with me.

Essie. I have, and I am going to remain with you. So say no more about it.

Bill (*quietly*), Very well, child. If such is your wish, I can say no more.

Essie. I do wish it. (*Quickly.*) What became of the vessel that was so near being wrecked last night?

Bill. It escaped as if by a miracle. Either some one showed a light from the shore, or else she had a pilot on board who knew the waters, and took no chances in following the beacon light on the Devil's Rock.

Essie. Do you know what vessel it was?

Bill. I do now, but not last night.

Essie. What was the name?

Bill. The "McAdams"!

Essie (*in amazement*). The "McAdams"!

Bill. Yes, it was the revenue boat.

Essie (*fervently*). I am so glad now that the boat wasn't wrecked.

Bill. And so am I. I would never have placed the light on the rock but for Jim Douglass. He called me a coward, and said I was trying to sell the boys to the government.

Essie (*aside*). If he only knew the truth. (*Aloud.*) Father, I want you to promise me one thing.

Bill. Well, Essie?

Essie. That you will give up this wild life and move away from here, and the evil men like Jim Douglass, and his associates.

Bill (*kissing her cheek*). I promise, Essie. But you don't seem to like Douglass of late. What is the reason?

Essie. Father, listen to me a moment. What I am going to tell you will no doubt surprise you, but it's nothing but the truth.

Bill. Go ahead, dear.

Essie. Last night he had the impudence to ask me to marry him, and when I refused he threatened that if I did not consent he would place you and all the men in the hands of the government.

Bill (*jumping*). What! Jim Douglass betray us into the

hands of our enemies! (*Walking up and down.*) Oh, the traitor!

Essie (*rising*). Yes, father, he is a traitor. While professing to be one of you, he has in reality been a spy of the government.

Bill (*savagely*). By God! I'll kill him for this dirty work. I see now why he was so anxious for me to light the fires last night. He was sure I would be captured, and once out of the way the scoundrel would then have you at his mercy.

Essie (*in surprise*). Do you think so?

Bill. I am sure of it. But I'll settle with him for this, the traitor!

PAT **enters** *from* L. C.

Essie (*in amazement*). Why, Pat, what has happened? You look almost scared to death!

Pat (*dropping into a chair*). An' shure I am.

Bill. What has happened? (*Shaking him.*) Hurry up, man. Out with it.

Pat. Shure they just found the dead body of Douglass on the beach, with a knife in his heart, and the word "traitor" pinned to his breast.

Essie (*in amazement*). Dead!

Bill (*putting hat on*). Come on, Pat, and show me where the body is. I want to see the face of the man I trusted as a friend, and who in reality was my worst enemy.

Pat. I'll go with you, sir. [*Both* **exeunt** L. C.

Essie (*solus*). How strange is death! Last night the man was well and hearty, deeply employed with the schemes he had in mind, while now he is dead, struck down, perhaps, by some one who trusted him as a friend, as my father has done. His schemes will never do for him now, as he is beyond all the schemes of the world. (*Looking around.*) I wonder what became of Mr. King last night, when he left, after coming to my rescue? I haven't seen him to-day yet. No one but Jim Douglass knew that Mr. King was the lieutenant of the gunboat "McAdams." And now the mouth of the traitor is forever sealed in death. I am glad that my father had no hand in his removal.

PHIL **enters** *from* L. C.

Phil. Good-morning, Miss Essie.

Essie. Good-morning, sir. [*Bows.*

Phil. Miss Essie. I am going to leave here this morning, perhaps never to return. But, before I go, there is something I wish to say to you. What it is can be said in a few words. I want you to promise that you will become my wife. (*Quickly.*) I know this is rather sudden. (*Anxiously.*) What is your answer going to be, Essie?

Essie (*slowly*). Why, Mr. King, you take me so by surprise, I don't know what to answer.

Phil (*quietly*). Will you allow me to tell you what to say?

Essie (*holding down her head in confusion*). Perhaps.

Phil (*in a whisper*). Then, for Heaven's sake, say yes, and get me out of this suspense at once. What is it going to be, no or yes?

Essie (*bashfully*). Well, it's not exactly no——

Phil (*quickly*). Then, if it's not no, it surely must be yes. I hope I'm right.

Essie. You are. The answer is yes.

Phil (*clasping her in his arms and kissing her passionately*). My darling!

Essie (*releasing herself*). But first you must ask my father's consent. I am going to be an obedient daughter to him now as I have been in the past.

Phil. Spoken like a true woman. Let us go and ask him at once. We'll both go and hunt him up, and lay the matter before him.

Essie. Very well. [*Both* **exeunt** L. C.

PAT **enters** *from* R.

Pat (*stands before fire*). I'm all in a shiver since I saw the dead body of me boss this morning. Shure he was a bad man, and he died the way he lived. Well, I'm glad it's him that's gone and not me. (*Looks around.*) Where is Lucy this morning? I haven't set me eyes on her yet. I do wish she'd come. Shure this is me last chance. If Lucy wants to marry me she'll have to say so pretty quick. An' if she don't, I'll leave for New York this very evening, So, she has but to say yes, and all is well; no, and all is not well.

LUCY **enters** *from* L.

Lucy (*seeing* PAT). So you are here again, are you? Were you out on the water this morning?

Pat. I was not. An', what's more, I'm not going on any more water; so keep yer face closed about water, if ye don't want to make me angry!

Lucy. Then what are you doing around here, pray?

Pat. Shure I came to say good-bye to ye.

Lucy (*in amazement*). Good-bye?

Pat. Yes, I'm goin' to leave this part av the world for good.

Lucy (*aside*). I wonder, is he in earnest? (*Aloud.*) I don't really suppose any one will miss you very much.

Pat (*shrugging his shoulders*). I suppose not. An' I don't think I'll miss any one very much, either.

Lucy. Is that so?

Pat (*nodding his head*). It is, and you are the very one that knows it best.

Lucy (*seriously*). Won't you think of me sometimes, Pat? (*Aside.*) I do believe the man is in earnest!

Pat (*aside*). Now is me time to soak her; she's weakenin'. (*Aloud.*) An' why should I?

Lucy. Oh, I don't know. We haven't been such bad friends, you know.

Pat. An' we haven't been such good friends, either.

Lucy. Perhaps I did tease you more than I should have done. But then it was only done in a friendly way. I really never meant any kind of harm. [*Almost breaks down.*

Pat (*in astonishment*). Shure, you're not going to cry, are ye? Don't make yer purty eyes red by weepin' over the likes av me. Shure I'm not worth it at all.

Lucy. But, Pat, I don't want you to go away from here. (*Aside.*) I hope he'll see I'm in earnest.

Pat. You don't?

Lucy (*shaking her head*). No!

Pat (*aside*). Now is me chance to get her. (*Aloud.*) Then the only way ye can keep me here is to say yes whin I ask ye to be me wife. Will ye do that? an' all will be forgiven.

Lucy. When you ask me I will.

Pat. Thin I'll ask ye now. Lucy, will ye be me own true an' lovin' wife?

Lucy. Of course I will, Pat. I'd have married you long ago, only I liked to tease you.

Pat (*laughing*). Faith ye can tease me all ye like now, seein' that ye belong to me, body an' soul.

Lucy (*walking towards door* L. C.). Where are you going now?

Pat. To get a license. The only time I'll feel safe is whin we are united in wedlock. So keep up a good heart until I return.

Lucy. Very well, Pat. But haven't you forgotten something?

Pat. Not that I know of. [*Looks around.*

Lucy. Yes, you have. [*Puckers up her lips.*

Pat (*laughs*). Oh, I see. (*Kisses her.*) A woman never forgets anythin' in that line. [**Exit** L. C.

Lucy. I wonder, is there any girl in the world as happy as I am to-day?

ESSIE **enters** *from* R.

Essie (*entering and hearing her*). Yes, dear; I am, I think. If my father consents to my engagement, all will be well. I really don't think he will refuse me.

Lucy. Then you are going to marry the young officer of the revenue boat?

Essie. If my father consents, yes.

Lucy. And if he don't ?

Essie. Oh, I don't think he will refuse me. He has no grounds for complaint against Mr. King. He comes of a good family, so that can't stand against him.

Lucy. I hope not.

Essie (*sincerely*). Let us prepare for the worst then.

Enter BILL *and* PHIL *from* L. C.

Bill (*crossly*). I don't care who you are, sir. You are nothing but a spy !

Phil (*quietly*). I beg your pardon, sir, but I am no spy. To tell you the honest truth, I came to this neighborhood to meet your daughter, if I could.

Bill (*in amazement*). Oh, you did, did you ?

Phil (*bowing*). I did. I met her, and what's more, she has promised to be my wife. All we are waiting for now is for you to give us your consent. [ESSIE *crosses to the side of* PHIL.

Bill. Is that true, Essie ?

Essie (*nodding*). Yes, father.

Bill. Then take her and be happy. I know it's no use for me to try and interrupt the course of true love. You can have her, my boy, and my best wishes go with you.

Phil. Then she is mine at last ?

Bill. She is.

Essie. Thank you, father. [*Both walk up* R.

Bill (*to* LUCY). What is the matter with you, Lucy ? You look as solemn as an owl. What has happened ? Are you waiting for any one ?

Lucy. I am waiting for Pat.

Bill. Where has he gone ? He was around here not long ago.

Lucy. He went to get a license, sir.

Bill (*in surprise*). A license ? What for ?

Lucy. To get married. I promised to be his wife an hour ago.

Bill. Will surprises never end ?

PAT **enters** *from* L. C. *on a run.*

Pat (*holding up paper*). Here is the license, Lucy.

Lucy. I'm so glad.

Bill. So you won her after all, did you ?

Pat. Shure an' I did, sir.

Bill (*lighting pipe and sitting down before fire*). The whole of you can make as much love as possible, but don't make a noise and wake me up. I'm going to take a quiet little nap.

[PHIL *and* ESSIE *at window* R. C.; PAT *and* LUCY *standing by table ;* BILL *asleep at fire.*

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